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SCOTT
SNYDER

GREG
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DANNY
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THE NEW 52!

BATMAN™

ZERO YEAR

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JAN 2014

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NIGERIA.

I'M JUST SAYING, NO THREAD, NO GUMDROPS, NO BREADCRUMBS.

I AM THE CHOIR, PREACHER. BUT IF THIS PLACE EXISTS, AND HE'S A PART OF IT, YOU KNOW WE NEED TO--

BLINK

WAIT, LOOK!

THERE, IN THE SAND!

WELL, GOD BLESS SATCOM.

WHAT IS IT, MAN?

...WOW.

HOLY DOOR IN THE FLOOR.

SLOW, BUD.

THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT'S *INSIDE*...

ZERO YEAR

DARK · CITY

SCOTT SNYDER
WRITER

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PENCILLER

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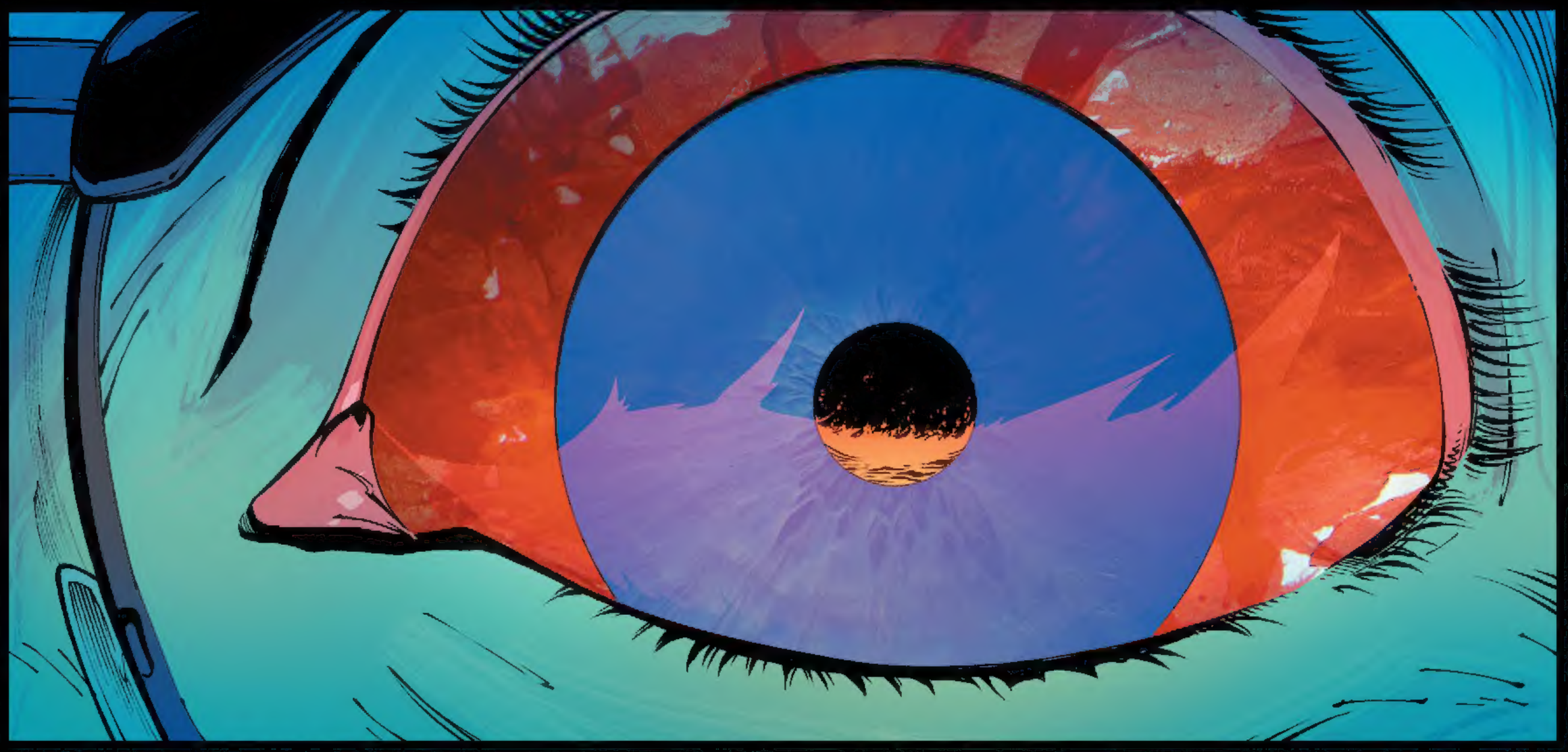

WHERE IS HE?

WE LOST HIM?! TELL ME WE DIDN'T LOSE HIM!

DAMMIT, TALK TO ME, BOYS. WE'RE BLIND UP HERE. BASTARD RAN SOME PROGRAM, SCRAMBLED OUR CAMERAS. ALL WE CAN SEE IS...BATS.

BOYS?!

CAR 27, SIR. WE...WE THINK WE'RE BEHIND HIM!

YOU THINK?

WE BELIEVE HE WENT INTO THE TUNNEL ON FIFTH! WE'RE PURSUING EN MASSE!

GCPD

FIFTH? HA! WELL, THANK THE LORDS OF LUCK. *Sigh.* IF HE'S IN THAT TUNNEL, WE HAVE HIM! CAR 39 AND COMPANY, YOU'RE ALL IN PLACE?

PERFECT. PERRRFECT! I GOT A BOX OF M33 FRAGS MY DADDY BROUGHT BACK FROM THE SERVICE. "LEMON CANDIES." I CAN'T WAIT TO DROP A PIECE OF CANDY IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF THE CAR THAT FREAK DRIVES.

SO? YOU SEE HIM?

NOT YET, SIR.

Ha. GET READY TO WALK THE TUNNEL FOR HIM...

...I'LL BET HE TOOK ONE LOOK AT YOU ALL AND TURNED TAIL. I'M TELLING YOU, YOU PLAY CHICKEN WITH THIS DEPARTMENT, YOU END UP EATING CHICKEN!

UH, SIR?

WHAT? WHAT IS IT? YOU SEE HIM?
WE SEE HIM, SIR!
AND HE SEES YOU?
I WOULD ASSUME SO, SIR!
SO HE'S SLOWING DOWN?
HE'S SPEEDING UP, SIR!
SHOULD I PREPARE THE STATIC BOND TIRES, SIR?
ALFRED, YOU HAVE FOUND YOUR CALLING.
WHILE I APPRECIATE YOUR--
Shhh...
...JUST EMBRACE IT.

"CAR 39, DO YOU COPY?! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S HAPPENING?"

"IT'S...DOING SOMETHING, SIR."

"*DOING* SOMETHING? WELL, WHAT THE HELL IS IT DOING?!"

"IT'S JUST A *CAR!*"

Heh.

CAR 27! VALDEZ! TALK TO ME! WHAT IS IT DOING?!

...

LEAPING, SIR.

LEAPING?

NO, SIR, NOW IT'S CLINGING.

"CLINGING? CLINGING TO WHAT?"

CLINGING, LEAPING, WHAT THE HELL *ELSE* IS IT DOING?

TELL ME IT'S NOT ESCAPING.

BOYS?!

...

*UNIT EIGHT, AT LEAST TELL ME THAT FREAK DIDN'T LEAVE THE **CRIME SCENE** TOO DISTURBED...*

...GORDON?

OH, IT'S DISTURBED, COMMISSIONER.

CRIME SCENE DO

BELIEVE ME.

BUT NO VISIBLE EVIDENCE OF TAMPERING BY THE BATMAN. AT FIRST GLANCE, IT APPEARS HE WAS JUST HERE TO *LOOK*. NOTHING MORE.

*WELL, **YOU** KEEP LOOKING, TOO, GORDON. THERE HAS TO BE SOME SIGN OF HIM THERE. SOMETHING WE CAN USE TO TRACK THE #@€* DOWN.*

YEAH. I'LL MAKE IT A TOP PRIORITY, SIR.

GORDON, I'M--

KLIK

->sigh<-

YOU EVER BREAK A BONE, HARVEY?

SURE.

FIRST ONE I BROKE I WAS FOURTEEN IN CHICAGO, JUMPING A FENCE TO GET AWAY FROM A TRUANT OFFICER. MY FEMUR. I'LL NEVER FORGET THE PAIN.

CAN YOU IMAGINE IT? EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY BREAKING...GROWING AND TWISTING UNTIL YOU DIE LIKE THIS?

I TAKE IT YOU DON'T THINK *HE* DID THIS, LIEUTENANT? *THE BAT?*

MAYBE, BUT WHAT KIND OF MURDERER KILLS SOMEONE AND THEN RETURNS TO THE CRIME SCENE TO CHECK FOR CLUES?

GEE, I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE THE KIND CRAZY ENOUGH TO DRESS UP LIKE A *BAT?* I'M JUST SAYING...

...HE COMES TO TOWN, BLACKS OUT A FEW CITY BLOCKS, THEN THIS *RIDDLER* SHOWS UP, BLACKS OUT THE WHOLE CITY. HE STARTS DRESSING LIKE HALLOWEEN, SKELETON CORPSES START POPPING UP.

YOU KNOW, IF THE PAPERS WERE UP AND RUNNING, IT'S ALL THEY'D BE SAYING.

AND NOW YOU'RE ACTUALLY MAKING ME GRATEFUL FOR THE BLACKOUT, OFFICER BULLOCK. LOOK AT *THAT.*

"LOOK, MAYBE THE BAT WAS HERE TO CLEAN UP AFTER HIMSELF. THE ONE TWO DAYS AGO, THAT *DR. KELVER*... DEATH BY THE SAME M.O... INJECTED WITH BONE JUICE, RIGHT BEFORE HIS LAB WAS TORCHED...

"...THE BAT WAS THERE AT THAT ONE, TOO...

"...I MEAN, UNTIL HE *WASN'T.*"

UNTIL HE WASN'T, RIGHT.

LOOK. ALL I MEAN IS, IF IT WALKS LIKE A BAT, TALKS LIKE A BAT, THEN HEY.

BATS DON'T WALK OR TALK, DETECTIVE. NOW LISTEN TO ME...

"...A TERRORIST JUST CRIPPLED THE CITY. THE WHOLE THING. FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, THERE'S A MAJOR STORM BEARING DOWN ON THE AREA--***RENE.*** ACCORDING TO THE PRETTY PEOPLE ON THE NEWS, OLD RENE COULD EVEN BE A ***SUPER-STORM.***

"MEANWHILE, LOEB HAS COPS LOOKING FOR A VIGILANTE INSTEAD OF PROTECTING THE PEACE. WHICH MEANS THE CITY IS A ***DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND*** RIGHT NOW. BLACKED OUT, PANICKED, WILD...

PLASMA

PLASMA

"...SO, ANYONE HELPING...

"...AND I MEAN ***ANYONE,*** LUNATIC OR NOT...

"...ANYONE PROVIDING A LITTLE LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS..."

...THEY GET A PASS. FOR NOW, AT LEAST, I'M CONCERNED WITH THE ONES *HURTING* PEOPLE. LIKE THE MADMAN INJECTING PEOPLE WITH WHATEVER THE HELL MAKES BONES INTO BEANSTALKS.

WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO POOR DR. PAJI. "SPECULATIVE BOTANIST" (WHATEVER THAT MEANS) FOR WAYNE ENTERPRISES. WE GOT ANY WITNESSES?

JUST ONE.

NOOO!

NO! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING.

DOCTOR ISLEY, PLEASE, YOU CAN'T BE IN HERE.

PAMELA ISLEY. RESEARCH ASSISTANT. SEEMS MORE UPSET ABOUT LOSING THE PLANTS, HONESTLY.

TOUCHING. AND SHE SAW THE KILLER? WHAT IS SHE SAYING?

NOTHING REALLY...

"...SAYS SHE SAW SOMEONE SHE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ENTER WITH A VALID PASS, ABOUT AN HOUR BEFORE THE BODY WAS FOUND."

"I IMAGINE A LOT OF UNKNOWN PEOPLE COME AND GO WITH VALID PASSES AT A FACILITY THIS SIZE. WHAT MADE THIS PERSON SO SPECIAL TO DR. ISLEY?"

"WELL, IT WAS DARK, OBVIOUSLY, AND SHE DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK...BUT SHE SAID HE LOOKED *'SKELETAL'*."

"SKELETAL." DRINKING HIS OWN MOONSHINE, MAYBE, WHOEVER HE IS.

WELL, ONE THING'S FOR CERTAIN, OFFICER BULLOCK. THIS CITY IS EVEN *STRANGER* IN THE DARK.

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THEM, SIR. THE ***BATS.*** IF YOU PLAN ON PUTTING EXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT DOWN HERE, I CAN'T KEEP CLEANING--

I'VE TAKEN CARE OF IT, ALFRED.

FAIR ENOUGH. THAT'S THE SIGNAL JAMMER, I TAKE IT?

IT IS. WHEN NYGMA, OR "THE RIDDLER" AS HE'S CALLING HIMSELF, CAUSED THE BLACKOUT, HE DID IT BY SENDING A CALCULATED SURGE THROUGH A CENTRAL HUB OF THE GRID BENEATH MIDTOWN.

THE SURGE WRECKED THAT WHOLE SECTION OF THE GRID ITSELF.

"LUCKILY, GOTHAM LIGHT AND POWER IS CLOSE TO REPAIRING IT. SHOULDN'T BE MORE THAN A COUPLE DAYS. HOPEFULLY BEFORE THE STORM HITS."

THE THING IS, I ***MET*** NYGMA. I KNOW HIM, OR I'VE KNOWN MEN LIKE HIM. THIS BLACKOUT, HE POSED IT AS A ***RIDDLE*** TO THE CITY.

HE ***WANTS*** US TO TURN THE POWER BACK ON, SO HE CAN ATTACK THE GRID AGAIN, IN SOME NEW WAY. LIKE PULLING STRINGS.

RIDDLER: WHO IS EDWARD NYGMA? UNCRACKABLE ALIAS?

WHATEVER HE HAS PLANNED, I IMAGINE IT'LL INVOLVE ANOTHER ELECTRICAL ATTACK OF SOME KIND.

THIS JAMMER SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO BLOCK ANYTHING HE PLANS ON ENACTING.

CAN YOU TOSS ME THAT SHIRT, ALFRED?

IT'S DUPLEX, POWERFUL, AND IT'LL FILTER OUT ANYTHING IT READS AS A SURGE. I JUST NEED TO FINISH IT UP AND HIDE IT IN THE ***HUB.***

OF COURSE, SIR.

MY SCAR FROM THE *A.C.E. CHEMICAL* FALL HEALED BETTER THAN I EXPECTED. FIRST REAL KISS OF GOTHAM. *Heh.*

RIDDLE

METROPOLIS NEWS:

GOTHAM: APPROACHING STORM RENE, A CATEGORY 4?

...

YES, FIRST KISS.

ALFRED? WHAT'S WRONG?

WHAT? NOTHING. I'M SORRY, SIR. HERE.

AND THE MURDER INVESTIGATION?

THE RESULTS OF THE BLOOD SAMPLES FROM BOTH VICTIMS ARE IN. AND WHAT THEY TELL ME DOESN'T MAKE *SENSE.*

I'VE ISOLATED A FORMULA THAT MUST HAVE BEEN INJECTED INTO THEM ON SITE. DR. DEL PAJI, AND DR. BILL KELVER. BOTH WAYNE ENTERPRISES RESEARCHERS.

THE BIOCHEMISTRY IS MORE ADVANCED THAN *ANYTHING* I'VE ENCOUNTERED BEFORE. I'M NOT SURE HOW IT DOES IT, BUT IT FORCES THE BONES TO GROW OUT RADICALLY UNTIL THE SUBJECT IS PRACTICALLY *RIPPED APART* FROM THE INSIDE.

BUT THAT'S NOT THE MOST INTERESTING THING ABOUT IT. I RAN THE FORMULA THROUGH SEVERAL DATABASES, SEEING WHO MIGHT HAVE DEVELOPED IT.

AND IT WAS *US.* WAYNE ENTERPRISES HOLDS THE PATENT ON THE FORMULA. IT WAS DEVELOPED BY A *DOCTOR KARL HELFERN.*

ONE OF PHILIP'S MEN?

I CAN'T TELL. ALL RECORD OF HIM HAS BEEN ***ERASED.*** BUT YOU CAN START TO SEE A MOTIVE THERE IF YOU SQUINT LONG ENOUGH.

A ***FORMER*** WAYNE SCIENTIST KILLING CURRENT WAYNE SCIENTISTS... HELFERN COULD BE THE MAN BEHIND ALL OF THIS.

I DUG FOR ANY RECORD IN GOTHAM OF ***BONE-RELATED*** RESEARCH. ALL I COULD FIND WAS A TRAIL OF HORRORS. A STRING OF ILLEGAL LABS WHERE LAB ANIMALS WERE RIPPED APART BY THEIR OWN MALFORMED SKELETONS.

NO ONE WAS EVER ARRESTED, BUT WHOEVER'S BEHIND THE INCIDENTS EARNED HIMSLEF THE NICKNAME ***"DR. DEATH."***

DR. DEATH. ***PLEASANT.*** IF HELFERN IS THIS "DOCTOR DEATH," HOW ARE YOU GOING TO FIND HIM?

I'M GOING TO TALK TO THE ONLY MAN IN GOTHAM WHO MIGHT KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT HIM.

IT SEEMS YOU HAVE EVERYTHING COVERED, SIR. PERHAPS YOU SHOULD CONSIDER INFORMING THE POLICE DEPARTMENT...

NO.

YOU SEEM DETERMINED TO MAKE THEM YOUR ***ENEMY,*** MASTER BRUCE.

I GAVE THEM A FLEET OF DIRIGIBLES.

TO ***SPY*** ON THEM.

I DON'T TRUST THEM, ALFRED. THE FORCE WAS FULL OF CORRUPTION BEFORE THE RED HOOD GANG INFILTRATED IT. EVEN WITH THE RED HOOD GONE NOW, WHO KNOWS.

TO MY MIND, THERE ISN'T ***ANYONE*** ON THE FORCE WORTH A DAMN.

YOU WERE SAYING, MR. WAYNE?

LIEUTENANT GORDON. YOU SURPRISED ME. IS THERE SOMETHING YOU NEED?

NEED? WELL, FIRST, I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU THAT IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU BACK IN TOWN.

AND TELL YOU WHAT A BRAVE THING I THINK YOU DID AT *A.C.E. CHEMICAL,* STANDING UP TO THE RED HOOD GANG LIKE THAT. I THINK YOUR PARENTS--

LIEUTENANT, I'M IN A BIT OF A RUSH. SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...

MR. WAYNE... BRUCE.

LISTEN, I KNOW THAT WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT...

"...I KNOW YOU'RE ANGRY WITH ME FOR MY PART, BUT THERE ARE SECRETS ABOUT WHAT REALLY--"

YOUR *PART?*

LIEUTENANT, I KNOW ALL THE THINGS YOU THOUGHT NO ONE WOULD LEARN. THE THINGS YOU *COVERED UP.*

SO DON'T *EVER* TALK TO ME ABOUT THAT NIGHT AGAIN, UNLESS YOU'RE READY FOR SOME TRUE UGLINESS.

FINE.

BUT TWO OF YOUR SCIENTISTS ARE DEAD. INJECTED WITH SOME SERUM THAT MADE THEIR DAMN BONES GROW OUT OF THEIR SKIN.

THERE ARE *BIGGER THINGS* AT WORK HERE THAN YOU AND ME.

LIKE I SAID, I HAVE TO GO.

FINE, MR. WAYNE. JUST ONE QUESTION.

WHAT'S DOWN THERE?

WHY DO YOU ASK?
I'M JUST CURIOUS ABOUT OLD HOUSES.
I CAN HEAR THE GENERATORS... YOU KEEPING THE HOUSE RUNNING FROM THERE?
WE WERE JUST--
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A LOOK?
...
GO ON.
SIR, I--
IT'S FINE, ALFRED. HE WANTS TO SEE. *LET* HIM.
ALL RIGHT.

YOU SHOULD GET THAT LOOKED AT, LIEUTENANT GORDON.

THE GENERATORS FOR THE GROUNDS ARE TOO CUMBERSOME TO KEEP IN THE MANOR.

WE KEEP THEM IN STORAGE BELOW. ONLY PROBLEM IS, THEY ATTRACT ***BATS.*** WE WERE DOWN THERE SPRAYING.

NOW, I'M SURE YOU HAVE BETTER PLACES TO BE.

I KNOW *I* DO.

GOTHAM UNIVERSITY. SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING.

LUCIUS...

...LUCIUS FOX.

WHO'S THERE?!

AS I LIVE AND BREATHE...

...BRUCE WAYNE!

I'M SORRY I DIDN'T COME EARLIER, MR. FOX.

PLEASE, IT'S LUCIUS. YOU LOOK...TIRED. GOOD AND TIRED.

BUT THEN, YOU CAME BACK TO A CITY ABOUT FIVE MINUTES BEFORE IT COLLAPSED.

IT'S BEEN...*INTENSE.* THIS IS WHERE YOU WORK?

"PROTOTYPICAL AND APPLIED ENGINEERING." PLASMA NETTING. VEGETARIAN JET ENGINES, LIKE THAT ONE. I STARTED UP HERE AFTER YOUR UNCLE FIRED ME. IT'S...WHAT IT IS.

I KNOW MY FATHER TRUSTED YOU MORE THAN ANYONE AT THE COMPANY. HE SAID YOU WERE THE SMARTEST MAN HE EVER MET.

I APPRECIATE THE PRAISE, BRUCE, BUT I ASSUME YOU DIDN'T COME HERE ON A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT TO STROKE MY OLD EGO.

I'M HERE ABOUT A SCIENTIST YOU HIRED--

HELFERN.

... YES.

HE WAS PART OF A GROUP I BROUGHT IN WHEN YOUR UNCLE FIRST TOOK OVER. THERE WERE FIVE OF THEM ALL TOGETHER. KELVER, PAJI, BROOKER, DEEDS...AND *HIM.* HELFERN WAS THE REAL GENIUS OF THE BUNCH.

HE WORKED IN NANOMEDICINE, AND HE HAD A *VISION* FOR A SERUM THAT WOULD BOND TO THE BONE'S CELLULAR MATRIX AND MAKE THE FIBERS... REACTIVE.

REACTIVE?

YES. TREATED BONES WOULD REACT TO TRAUMA BY SUDDENLY HARDENING AT THE POINT OF IMPACT. EVEN GROWING *NEW CELLS.* THE IMPLICATIONS WERE TREMEDOUS. A SOLDIER'S SKULL PROTECTING HIS BRAIN FROM A BULLET.

...BUT IT WAS UNSTABLE, UNCONTROLLABLE... HELFERN BECAME EVEN MORE SO.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

LAST I HEARD, HE WAS WORKING FOR VARIOUS "BLACK BOXES" AROUND THE CITY. SECRET, PRIVATELY FUNDED UNREGULATED LABS. STILL WORKING ON HIS SERUM.

THERE IS ONE OTHER THING THAT'S IMPORTANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE SERUM, BRUCE...

...IT WAS *MY PROJECT* AS MUCH AS HIS.

WHAT... WHAT DID YOU...

I'M SORRY, BRUCE, BUT HE'S COMING.

DOCTOR DEATH IS COMING AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO *STOP HIM.*

NO ONE WILL, OLD FRIEND. BECAUSE BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY...

...THIS CITY'S NEVER SEEN *ANYTHING* LIKE ME.

AND I'M *JUST GETTING STARTED.*

NEXT: DEATH COMES TO GOTHAM

--CONDITIONS WORSEN IN GOTHAM AS THE STORM APPROACHES UP THE COAST--

--MAYOR'S OFFICE ASSURES GOTHAMITES THAT POWER WILL BE RESTORED BEFORE THE SUPERSTORM ENTERS GOTHAM--

YOU'RE A LIAR!

PEOPLE IN THE DARK

SCOTT SNYDER & JAMES TYNION IV
STORY

ANDY CLARKE
ART

BLOND
COLORIST

DEZI SIENTY
LETTERER

KATIE KUBERT
ASSOC. EDITOR

MIKE MARTS
GROUP EDITOR

BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE

CULLEN'S AFRAID OF THE DARK, DAD. YOU PROMISED YOU'D FIGURE OUT HOW TO TURN ON A LIGHT FOR HIM. YOU *PROMISED.*

YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE US AGAIN.

C'MON, HARPO. I'M ONLY GRABBING A *DRINK* WITH THE BOYS. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT FIXING A LIGHT.

AFTER WHAT THAT *RIDDLER* MANIAC DID, YOU SHOULD FEEL LUCKY YOU KIDS HAVE A ROOF OVER YOUR HEADS BEFORE THIS STORM.

YOUR BROTHER COULD USE SOME MANNING UP, ANYWAYS... I MEAN, A *NIGHTLIGHT?* REALLY?

BUT I GOT YOU A BOOK AND A BATTERY--

YEAH, SOME *KID'S* LIBRARY BOOK IS GOING TO SHOW ME HOW TO DO IT. SURE. LOOK, I'LL TRY IN THE MORNING.

IF YOU'RE EVEN BACK BY THEN...LAST TIME, YOU WERE GONE FOR *TWO DAYS!*

JUST SHUT UP, ALL RIGHT?! I'M YOUR *FATHER!* YOU DON'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!

IF YOU DON'T WANT US, WHY DID YOU TAKE US?! WHY CAN'T WE GO BACK AND STAY WITH MOM--

KID, YOU DON'T EVEN WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON THERE...

...JUST GO TO SLEEP!

SLAM

I DON'T LIKE IT HERE, HARPER...

ME NEITHER, CULLEN. JUST... FORGET HIM. WE DON'T NEED HIM, OKAY?

YOU REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE AT GRAMMA'S A FEW YEARS BACK? OUT IN THE TENT, WHEN THE FLASHLIGHT WENT OUT...

YOU GOT SO *SCARED*, AND WE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO GET BACK TO THE HOUSE.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT I SAID?

YOU SAID THE DARK WAS IN MY HEAD...YOU SAID THAT'S WHY IT WAS SO SCARY, BECAUSE I COULDN'T *SEE* YOU.

THAT'S RIGHT.

IT'S SCARY IN THE DARK. IT *DEFINITELY* IS. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S AROUND YOU, HIDING IN THE CORNERS.

YOU JUST IMAGINE ALL THE BAD THINGS THAT COULD BE THERE, AND IT'S SO *EASY* TO FORGET THE GOOD THINGS...

...BUT *I'M* HERE, AREN'T I?

I...I GUESS...

PRETTY SURE I'M HERE, CULLEN.

OKAY.

LOOK... RIGHT NOW, EVERYONE IS AFRAID IN THIS WHOLE CITY... YOU SAW THE GROCERY STORES. PEOPLE WERE FIGHTING OVER CANS OF BEANS.

LIKE, ACTUAL *GROWNUPS*, PUNCHING EACH OTHER.

"BUT THERE ARE *SPECIAL PEOPLE* OUT THERE, CULLEN...

"...PEOPLE WHO SEE ALL THE FEAR AND ALL THE BAD THINGS, AND THEY *STAND UP* AND THEY *DO* SOMETHING ABOUT IT...

"...AND EVEN THOUGH WE CAN'T SEE THEM, WE HAVE TO REMEMBER THEY'RE *OUT THERE.*"

DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT, IN THE TENT? EVEN I WAS TOO AFRAID TO TRY AND FIND OUR WAY BACK TO THE HOUSE.

BUT *YOU* DID. YOU STOPPED CRYING AND YOU GOT US THERE. YOU REMEMBERED THE WAY.

YOU SEE, CULLEN, YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE. YOU *ARE* STRONG.

WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

KLIK

OH, IT'S LIKE WAY EASY TO WIRE SOMETHING UP LIKE THIS. I READ THE WHOLE BOOK EARLIER TODAY.

I THINK YOU'RE SMARTER THAN DAD.

I *KNOW* I'M SMARTER THAN DAD.

SO THERE, ARE YOU READY TO GO TO SLEEP NOW?

...

IT'S OKAY. YOU CAN TURN IT OFF.

KLIK

I LOVE YOU, DINGUS.

I LOVE YOU TOO, WALRUS BREATH.

END

NEWS HAPPENS...

FAST!

AS AN AWARD-WINNING REPORTER...

YOU NEED TO DIG FOR THE TRUTH!

TO UNDERSTAND THE FACTS...

FORWARDS AND BACKWARDS!

BE READY TO FACE DEATH...

ON ITS OWN TURF!

TO GIVE THE AUDIENCE WHAT IT WANTS!

INSPIRE PEOPLE TO FLY HIGH!

AND DRAW ON YOUR MANY TALENTS!

BUT ENOUGH ABOUT ME!

DON'T EAT BEFORE YOU GET HERE! WE WOULDN'T WANT TO *SPOILERS* YOUR DINNER!

GET IT? *SPOILERS*. BAM!

NEXT WEEK TUNE IN FOR CHANNEL 52'S *THANKSGIVING SPECIAL!*

The Last Kryptonian-DCP